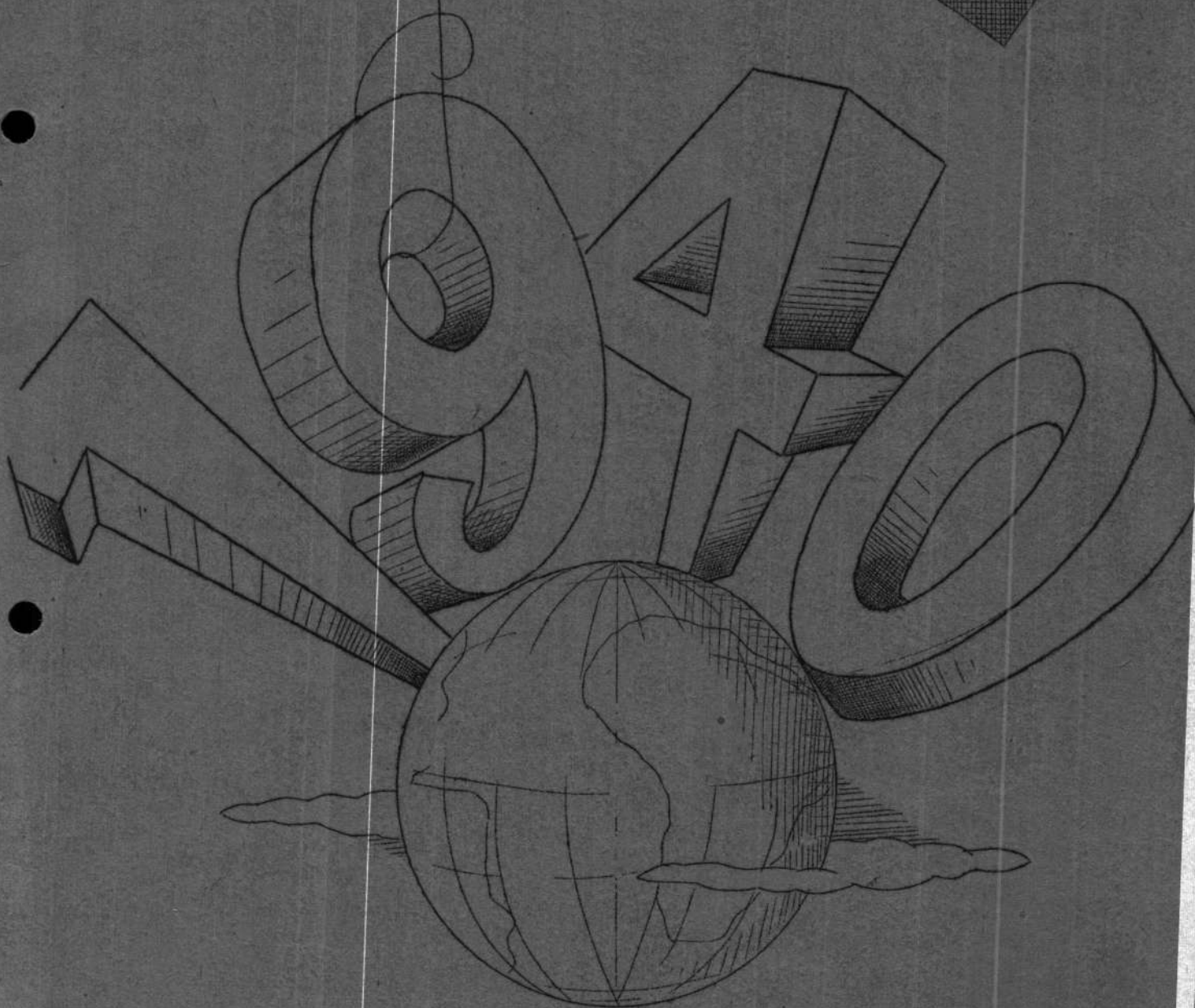


Introducing

Trails

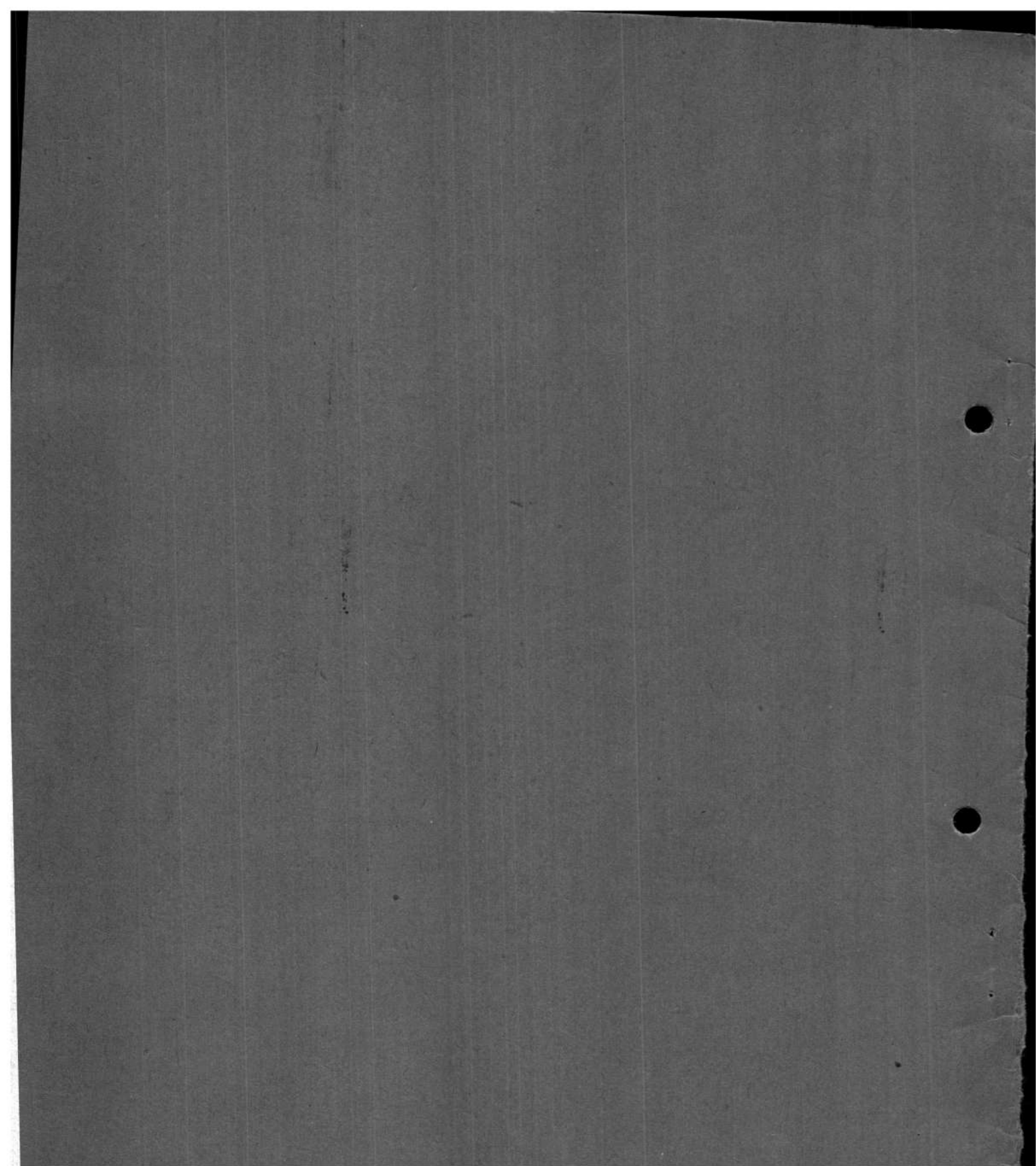


Vol. III.

January.

No. I.

1940



VELD TRAILS

(The Official organ of Transvaal Scouting)

Vol. 3.

January 1940.

No. 1.

Subscription 3/6 per annum.

Veld Trails is published on the fifteenth of every month. Contributions should reach the Editor at P.O. Box 631, Johannesburg before the 5th of the month of publication.

EDITORIAL LICENSE.

1st January, 1940.

"This day Time winds the endless chain
To rein the twelve-month's course again....."

So wrote the poet many hundreds of years ago and still we look upon and observe New Year's Day as a day of gladness and fresh beginnings, new resolves and brighter hopes - and then March, April, July, August, November, December and once again the tide of time flows in and once again we take stock of ourselves and our lives. So it goes on - one year follows another as night the day, and some are wiser and older by the passing of years, whilst others still stand and wait for that heaven-sent opportunity which never seems to come.

Life would be very dull without a New Year. The passing months can become monotonous to an extreme and it is only the thought of that fresh start that keeps a great many people going.

How many resolutions are made every new New Year's Day - how many broken the next day? Did the hopes that one cherished at the beginning of the year come to anything or did they die an early death along with ambitions and newly turned-over leaves? Of what use were they then that they should be with us for but a little while. Just this. There is something in every one of us that aspires to the higher, better way of living - and because of that tiny something we promise ourselves a better way. Surely that is worth something - even if only of a day's duration. Time will mellow and teach, guide and comfort, but the urge towards new resolutions is still there - and so - a happy and prosperous New Year to all of you wherever you may be.

1940 sees the start of our new Veld Trails - a paper for all sections of the movement. In order to make this a success the active support of all Rovers, Scouters, Cubbers and Scouts is needed. Your criticisms will help to a great extent and any articles suitable for publication will be appreciated.

Troops and Packs will be in recess until school re-opens again and then the New Year's scouting starts afresh. Newer and brighter programmes are needed in most Troops and Packs and it is here that Scouters and Cubbers can help one another by publishing their ideas.

Although

Although many Scouters have been called up it is hoped (and expected) that Troops will keep going. There's a deal of work to be done and if troops are in a position to run themselves they will be doing good work for the movement.

Remember to send in your membership forms for this year and make the magazine a success.

Yours faithfully,

A. ROBERTSON.
Associate Editor.

A TALK GIVEN TO A YOUNG CREW JUST MAKING A START.

Rovering, like the other branches of our movement, is designed to help make healthy and useful citizens.

Rover training is to help us take our proper place in the world to be of use to ourselves and our fellow men and women- to form reasonable opinions and to have the courage of our convictions.

Young fellows going through that much ridiculed period of budding manhood, often find a helping hand of real benefit to them in the movement and it may well be that by such help their whole outlook on life is improved both to their own and others advantage.

May I here give you fellows the tip of going to your R/S/L. if you are puzzled over any problems? He has taken on the job for the particular purpose of helping you, but he may not realise that you are worrying over anything unless you take him into your confidence. It is a great help to the success of the crew if you form one or two strong friendships in the crew and I know of no better way of doing this than HIKING!

It is very hard starting this habit of hiking in the crews but I know that until a crew does so it will not get a fraction of what might be had out of Rovering. So try and make a point of being a 'Hiking Crew'.

Keeness is such a tremendous power that is of great worth and anything that can help to produce keeness is money well spent. It is no use, however, that one member only be keen and the others remain indifferent - you must all pull your weight.

Regular attendance at crew meetings, even at considerable personal inconvenience, is an important thing. Fellows so easily get slack and slackness breeds indifference and an indifferent Rover is a contradiction in terms.

Keep your monthly 'Subs' paid up to date. A crew doesn't need much in the way of funds to keep it going, but it is wonderful what a sense of power a few pounds in the bank gives you. You can carry out some desired scheme or respond to a sudden call without feeling the draught, and really one never knows what call may come along.

Inidentally, when the Purseholder has to be for ever dunning the chaps he soon gets fed-up and the result is that you have to appoint a new Purseholder, things get behind and trouble starts.

It

It is as well to so arrange the size of your 'Sub' so that it is not a large sum and therefore not a burden.

Another thing to remember is that a smart, keen crew is proud of its uniform, casual visitors, and others, sum up the worth of a crew by such little things as whether or not the members regularly turn up in uniform.

These are some of the things to knead your crew into a power unit. But when you've got the machine put together and nicely ticking over, what are you going to use it for?

In the Promise, beside doing one's duty to God and the King, one promises to help other people at all times. Rovering means Sacrificial Service. It is up to each Rover to have a good search round to see how he can best fulfil that part of the Promise. This is his quest. We are not all cut out to hold warrants- but all of us can take up some definite job of work that will be of use to others.

It will be found, too, if the quest has been carefully carried out that there is some job that each one is particularly fitted, or can become fitted, to do to make life a little sweeter for those around them.

Regarding the things that a fellow can do, here are a few jobs that Rovers are doing and are not any the worse for it:-

- Members of the Rand Blood Transfusion Service.
- Escorts for the District Nurses of the Children's Aid Society.
- Instructors in P.T. at the Hostels of the Juvenile Courts.
- Assistants at Boys Clubs.
- Renovators of old military Graves and Cemeteries.

There is no end to the things that a chap can do if he sets his mind to it.

There are, too, the three badges that Rovers are entitled to have and it is surprising how few Rovers take the trouble to get one of them.

Particularly at this time it is desirable that Rovers should work for and get the recently instituted National Service Badge and I hope you will all try and get it sewn on your shirts as soon as possible.

The other two, Rover Instructor and the Ramblers Badges, are of great help in a normal Rover's education and help to make a real dependable MAN of him. Take my advice and go for it baldheaded.

Every Rover should take up a hobby - photography, carving, sketching, wireless, and stick to it for at least a year.

It may be a bit of a strain on will-power but it will both strengthen his will and give him first-hand knowledge of at least one subject which will give him a certain amount of satisfactory confidence.

A bunch of fellows all keen and doing jobs that they have found and shaped themselves to do can become a veritable power-house in a neighbourhood- and there is absolutely no reason why every Rover Crew could not be such.

Keonness is the secret, and the determination to carry out the promises made at the investiture.

Stick to it, be honestly loyal to your R/S/Leader, your brother Rovers and yourselves and make a name for your crew by being a power for good to those you come into daily contact with.

Good Camping!

Pop.

CUBBERS' PAGE

"Wood and Water, Wind and Tree,
"Wisdom, Strength and Courtesy,
"Jungle-Favour go with thee."

Those wishes went with Howgli, as he left the jungle and went into a new life, And I extend the same wishes to all my cubber-friends, as they leave 1939 and look into 1940, a year that will be very difficult for all of us.

The editor has roped me in to fill this new corner of Veld Trails, and I will try to give you some ideas, some instruction and some help in the few lines that are allotted to me each month.

You know Wontolla, he is the outsider. He does not live with the pack. But if the Wild dogs from the Deccan, or any other danger comes to our jungle, he will fight side by side with the pack. So if there is any trouble, any difficulty, and you want assistance or advice, please let me know and I will try and help you to solve the problem.

We are of one blood, thou and I. Whoof.

WONTOLLA.

FIRST THINGS FIRST

There are some situations in life when the immediate and urgent call for action overrides any consideration of what is to happen after action has achieved its end. The extinction of a blazing building or the rescue of a shipwrecked crew are cases in point. There is no place for questions of why and wherefore. The purpose of those engaged in such critical operations is plain enough to all who in imagination see their own property ablaze or their own lives in danger of extinction by storm at sea. Equally obvious to the simplest intelligence to-day is the purpose for which this country now finds itself at war. It is to make vain the systematic terrorism and aggression by which national liberty and independence are attacked or threatened. As liberty and independence are vital to our own existence, we are fighting, not merely in knight-errantry, but for self-preservation. Yet at this moment, when we are at deadly grapple with the formidable foe, it seems timely to some earnest persons that we should formulate and present to the world a precise statement of our war aims and of the uses to which we intend to put victory when it has been achieved. Seeing that victory may as yet seem remote and uncertain, it is relevant to ask what effect such a statement could possibly have on "world opinion". For who can predict what problems and issues the world will present when this war is over?

If we are fighting for freedom, we must accept its very various manifestations. We cannot consistently impose any cut-and-dried plan of our own. It sounds attractive to talk of establishing "some international authority above the clash of national ambitions"; but the realisation of that ideal depends on the free co-operation of nations who may not share it, as they have not shared it hitherto. Doubtless we shall hope, as Mr. Eden has eloquently said, "to fashion a new world that is something better than a stale reflection of the old, bled white". But it is a hope, and not a certainty that even the most absolute victory can assure. Victory will not necessarily end the evils which have afflicted the world, because their roots are in human nature itself.

Assuredly,

Assuredly, however, they cannot be ended without victory; and, therefore, wisdom demands that the attainment of victory should be the immediate and exclusive concern of all who hope for better things, such as "security, justice and liberty among nations," to quote the words of the KING'S message. It will be time enough to plan our new world when we have achieved beyond challenge our first and fundamental purpose, which is to prove that aggression does not pay. For the time being, this country's war-aims are epitomised in those four words.

BOOK REVIEWS.

BARE KNEE DAYS

by P. Hadyn Dimmock.

Scout Shop.

The British papers, thirty years ago, were full of a movement for boys, founded by Baden-Powell. One boy read about it and determined to become a Boy Scout. But a hitch occurred; there was no Scout Troop in his district. His mother suggested, however, that he should form one himself - become a Scout and try and get others to join him. That was how the great adventure started - with two chums meeting in a shed; improvising bits of uniform and equipment, practising secret signs, signalling, and doing first-aid.

P. Hadyn Dimmock, Editor of The Scout, was the boy with an urge, and since then he has seen the Movement grow into a world wide organisation, has dedicated his services to its furtherance, and attended almost every event in its history. In the above book he tells the whole thrilling story - from Brownsea Island Camp in 1907, to the present day, of Jamborees and the magic of the camp-fire, of struggles and triumphs - and the spirit of the eternal Boy lives in every page.

THE PATROL SYSTEM, AND LETTERS TO PATROL LEADERS.

The well-known Scout books by Roland Phillips have now been compiled into one volume, and include for the first time "First Class Tests", by Stanley Ince, Warden of Roland House. The volume contains the booklets "Scout Law", "Patrol System", "Tenderfoot 2nd Class Tests", and "First Class Tests".

It has been proved in the past how beneficial to Scouting the Roland Phillips' books have been, and now that they are accessible in one volume, their usefulness will become greater. Scouters do not fear for your Troop now that you are away from it. Give your P.L.s. a copy of this book and they'll run the Troop to the best of their ability.

"FLYLEAF"

"BUSES STOP BY REQUEST".

Gosh! That's the second that has passed. I'll certainly be late for work this morning. This bus business is getting me down. I'll have to invest in a car... or get up earlier. The latter would be cheaper but when it's time to get up I think it would be easier to invest in a car. Then when I look at my bank-balance I realise the getting up early business would be cheaper after all.

And here I stand in the road, with my hand almost continually in the air. Doesn't do me any good. The drivers, with self-satisfied expressions, sail serenely on, with humanity clinging to the back platform, like barnacles on the hull of a wreck.

Don't say one has stopped! Yes, but only to let a small boy get off. "No more passengers!" yells the conductor, "The bus is full". But not full enough for me. I duck under his outstretched arm. There is a one-sided argument for a few moments, and I sigh with relief as the bus moves on, whilst I add to the cluster of barnacles.

I look at my fellow sufferers. My gaze is fascinatedly fixed on a fat man who is (a) reading his paper; (b) lighting his pipe; (c) searching for his fare while he holds on by his imagination. This man is surely a veteran in the art of bus travel. Every time it jerks I expect to see him expelled into space. In fact, meanly, I find myself with a devilish desire to see him plastered in the road. No... he's a fixture.

At the next stop a bunch of perky young typists do a gatecrash in spite of the conductor's feeble protest. I come in for some elbowing, pushing, and receive several scornful looks, until I find a gap at the side of the stairs - and fill it.

A few more passengers spill off, and I have the blessed luxury of a seat up stairs. Contentedly I feel for my cigarettes, and accidentally jab my neighbour in the ribs with my elbow. Before I can even apologise he has withered me with a glance, and demanded as to "who the hell I'm pushing". I reply by demanding who wants to know? He wants to know "who wants ter know wot?" I'm informed that if "I don't watch out I'll be done in, in two twos!" - or words to that effect.

Crisply I tell him that I have things like him for breakfast. A sympathetic and over-fed passenger wants to know why I should insult bacon. A squint-eyed fellow sitting up front informs everybody that this conversation is driving him crazy. I tell him it happened before he caught the bus - so on it goes.

As the bus reaches town everything is forgotten in the wild dive for the exit. I arrive at work, thoroughly worn out and irritable. Poor, poor typists! And all this because of this infernal bus business.

And it happens six days out of every seven!

AN APPEAL

The Rand Blood Transfusion Service needs more donors. Have you joined up and ensured a regular supply of volunteers willing to help in cases of emergency?

The Blood Donors render service of the very highest importance to the community. They are helping to extend the magnificent work of the medical profession and our hospitals. They are instrumental in saving and prolonging life.

Will you help? Send your name in to:

Rand Blood Transfusion Service,
3 Ursula Mansions,
Klein Street,
Hospital Hill,
Johannesburg.

LUNCH CLUB NEWS

The Secretary of the Lunch Club has asked us to publish the following programme for February:

February 1st.	John Greenhorn	"Reforms".
" 8th	S. Stasin	"Production of an Amateur Play".
" 15th	K. N. Fleischer	"History of Non-European Movement".
" 22nd	W. Paterson	"S.A. Radio Signal Corps".
" 29th	Ian Fraser	"The Clan System of Scotland".

LORD BADEN-POWELL

Write him down with England's mighty
For with great men he is bound,
And his ideals early conceived
Have in virgin soil their ground,
And by nothing else retarded
Virgin soil with fruit abound.
Is it strange then that his ideals
Possibly through child conceived
Should have spread to all the Kingdoms
And in Childhood been relieved,
Greater than the many Great Men
Who for England history made
Is the name of this bright soldier
Whose memory will never fade.
For Chieftain of a Clan of Youth
(A Clan in millions strong,
Of every race, colour and creed)
Is one who does no wrong.
But not a man of word alone
We know him long by deed
Of wondrous strength and endurance
When by war it was decreed,
That he his strength, which was inborn,
Should plant, to bring forth seed,
A nobler duty to mankind
Can never have been done
Than that which in the minds of Youth
Co-mingled is with fun,
To initiate desire
To attain ere life is thru
A noble standard which will shine
As brightly as the sun.
The great responsibility
Of each individual
Can never be established
But by the power of will
And this power now is fostered
By this movement, which in time
Will have proved a never-failing source
Of protection through each clime,
For without inclining men to war
The principle of scout
Is to live a clean and godly life
And put all vile to rout,
That citizens of moral force
Will govern in their day
And in their swelling bosoms
With head erect will say.
"This is the direct influence
Caused by the true 'Scout Way,'"
And since this movement rooted is
Wherever Youth holds sway
It forms a wide world brotherhood
Which he who showed the way
With a proud heart and no regrets
Can cherish till ends life's day.

IRENE RAINSFORD-McHARRY.

SMILE, SMILE, SMILE.

"BUST"

"Now Jones, tell me what you know about a pontoon?" said the R.E. sergeant to the recruit.
"Well," said the sapper hesitatingly, "if you get more than 21 you've busted".

SURPRIUS

"And there, son," said Father. "I have told you the story of your daddy and the Great War."
"Yes, daddy," replied the youngster, "but what did they need all the other soldiers for?"

HINTS FOR TROOPS: NO.1:

PUTTING ON THE PUTTEES

Before putting on the puttees great care should be taken to see that you have plenty of winding space.
"Stand back, fellows!" you should say.
"I'm going to put on my puttees now!"
If your comrades are "old soldiers" they will at once give you a wide berth.

Never in any circumstances attempt to put on your puttees while other troops are sitting or standing near you. Only last Friday a young "rookie" made this mistake and bound his leg tightly to another young "rookie's" leg. To make matters worse, the bugle suddenly blew and they had to hobble on parade as best they could.

"Fall in one-and-a-half men and march those three-legged Siamese soldiers to the guard-room, sergeant!" said the Colonel when he saw them.

This was done, and-oh, boy!- were their faces red!

(TO-MORROW.- How to Stop a Comrade's Nose from Bleeding by Putting a Ramrod Down his Back: By a Staff Major's Floosie.)

UNFAIR AND UN-NAZI

We often wonder if it causes any discontent in the German Army that Marshal Göring has just about twice as much stomach to march on as anybody else.

Many well-known people have recently adopted that method of getting from place to place known as "walking".

Walking is almost the oldest means of progress known to mankind. It was preceded by crawling, a form of locomotion still practised by small children, beetles, and intoxicated people.

Walking is best done as follows. The would-be walker, or pedestrian, stands facing the direction in which he wishes to move. He (or she) then puts his (or her) best foot forward about 21 inches. The second-best foot is then swung from the hip, until it reaches and passes the best foot. It is then placed on the ground, and the process repeated with the other foot.

If this is done fairly briskly, the walker will find that the place towards which he is proceeding has come appreciably nearer to him. A good walker should be able to do at least eight miles to the gallon.

Running is similar but much quicker.

NAZI NEWS REEL

It is reported that the French Army is now marching on its stomach. This due to the fact that there are no boots in France, thanks to our so glorious Nazi Navy, and the troops are suffering from sore feet.

This unusual method of locomotion was invented by Napoleon Bonaparte, a common soldier, who modelled his career and his fringe on those of our Fuehrer, but made a mess of both. His last words were. "Kiss me, Auntie!"

ARMY ORDER

People who are posting parcels to their friends in the Army should note that it is forbidden to send the following articles to troops on active service:

Beer (bottled or loose), bagatelle boards, armchairs, tortoiseshells, jellied eels, Bren guns, umbrellas, horses, sandbags, pianos, nets (butterfly or fishing), ice cream, mangel-wurzel, and air-raid warnings.

BOYS WHO DID NOT GO

Scout Troops Merge

Boy Scout troops, Boys' Brigades, Girl Guides and Sunday schools have had to reorganise to deal with the problems caused by evacuation.

In several districts in North London those who are left in London have been merged into one Boy Scout or Girl Guide troop for the district.

"There were only a handful of boys left in most troops," said a Crouch End scoutmaster to-day.

WHY?

Because — You have
not paid your
subscriptions

3/6 per ANNUM.

